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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, JUNE 26, 1902. NUMBER 17

Bits of Wayside Gospel. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Series I, "Jess." Series II, "A Search for an Infidel." :: Macmillan Company, New York.

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Written at, of and around Tower Hill.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL WORK.

This School grew up around a "Six Years' Course in Religion" for Sunday School workers —now expanded into seven years. It has now reached the sixth year of the second time around, viz., the Growth of Christianity. This field was traversed in 1896 by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker. This year the work will be based upon stenographic reports of Mr. Jones's talks given before his Normal Class at All Souls Church, Chicago, and which he used in his Sunday School and Bible Classes during the year just closed. If the class so elect, instead of crowding the work into one week of an hour and a half sessions, it will be distributed through the five weeks, twenty-five half hours, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock, with an intermission of ten minutes before the poetry studies that will follow, shortened into one hour periods.

The Growth of Christianity.

Being the sixth years' work in the seven years' course in Religion. Stepping-stones across fourteen Christian centuries.

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Eliot.

The aim will be to give a sympathetic view of the struggles of Christianity with ignorance and wickedness from the without, and fanaticism, bigotry and priest-craft from the within, from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

Acknowledgment is made to Prof. F. A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, who furnished the first outline and list of books, also to Prof. Williston Walker, of the Yale Divinity School, and Prof. O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for additional suggestions and comment that proved valuable in the preparation.

Maps, charts, pictures and stereopticon slides will be used as freely as possible.

I. Ignatius. d. 104-117.
"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

II. Justin Martyn. d. about 163.
The casting of life into speculative systems. Gnostics, etc.

III. Origen. 185-253.
Early Christian philosophy.

IV. The Three Creeds. 325, 381, 451.
The great controversies.

V. The Emperor Julian. 331 (?)-363.
Dying Paganism at its best.

VI. Jerome. 340(?)-420.
The rise of monasticism.

VII. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
The dream of a Christian commonwealth.

VIII. St. Patrick. 396(?)-469(?).
The great missionaries—Ulfilas, Columba, Augustin, etc.

IX. St. Benedict. 480-553.
The "rule" of St. Benedict and its ideal.

X. Gregory I (The Great). 540(?)-604.
The rise of the papacy. Transition to mediaeval religion.

XI. Mohammed. 570-632.
The birth of a sister religion. Another triumph of monotheism.

XII. Charlemagne. 742-814.
Crowned Emperor 800. The founder of the "Holy Roman Empire."

XIII. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
The great English king; the father of English literature.

XIV. Hildebrand. 1020(?)-1085.
"A great politician, who knew how to use one power against another"—J. H. Crooker.

XV. Abelard. 1079-1142.
The rise of intellectual activity.

XVI. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
Abelard's antagonist. A stout Churchman who feared such a free use of reason.—Crooker.

XVII. The Legends of King Arthur.
The rise of chivalry and feudalism.

XVIII. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
A contagion of fanaticism. The permanent value of earnestness. Peter the Hermit. Children's crusades, etc.

XIX. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226.
The brother of the birds and fishes.

XX. Cathedral Building.
Examples—Strasburg and St. Davids.

XXI. Dante. 1265-1321.
Before this name the nations bow;
His words are for all of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow.
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.
—T. W. Parsons, on a bust of Dante.

XXII. Tauler. 1300(?)-1361.
"The Friends of God."

XXIII. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
The morning stars of the Reformation.

XXIV. The Black Death and Its Effects. Fourteenth Century.
Nature will not be trifled with.

XXV. Thomas a Kempis. 1380(?)-1471.
"The imitation of Christ."

XXVI. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
A study of persecution. The Waldenses.

XXVII. The University of Prague. 1438.
A study of schools. The rise of universities.

XXVIII. Columbus. 1446(?)-1506.
A new view of the world.

XXIX. Savonarola. 1452-1498.
Christianity in politics.

XXX. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
The Renaissance.

XXXI. More's Utopia. 1516.
A dream of a new social order.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1902. NUMBER 17

The Unionist reports this definition of a sermon given by a business man: "A literary discourse carefully calculated not to offend any of the sinners in the audience." Was the business man joking or was he speaking from observation and experience?

This is the way our neighbor, *The Unionist,* of Green Bay, puts it. We are glad to make the paragraph do editorial duty in our columns.

What must we think of the society which says not, "You must be a noble man, with grand thoughts and tender feelings and a pure conscience," but which says, "You must wear a coat with a peculiar tail, and a wide open vest and a big shirt bosom?" We would rather meet Plato and Paul and Luther and Lincoln in overalls than Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and Edward in their coronation robes.

Pastor Charles Wagner, the independent liberal preacher of Paris, a French Theodore Parker, has entitled his last book, "Simple Life." It is a timely plea for simplicity, a neglected virtue, may we not say a cardinal virtue? Perhaps of all words most neglected and all principles least appreciated in modern life is this word and principle of simplicity. Simple tastes, simple purposes, simple loves and simple deeds are as rare achievements of the spirit as they are of profound economic significance.

With this issue the editorial and business management of UNITY is to be transferred for the vacation weeks to Tower Hill, and we must crave the indulgence of our readers for such annoyances and disappointments as are inevitably connected with this long-arm work. One hundred and eighty miles is a long reach between the sanctum and the press room, but past experience is assurance that the thing can be done. All communications will reach us through the Chicago address, but some time will be saved if communications are addressed until further notice to Spring Green, Wisconsin. Meanwhile we wish our readers the joy of that "happy work that better is than play."

The shocking death of Dean J. B. Johnson, of the Wisconsin University, caused by an accident in Michigan, carried unspeakable pain to unnumbered hearts. He was a man in the high tide of life and usefulness as dean of the engineering school in the University of Wisconsin. He was a man of international fame. As the friend of all progressive things in morals and religion, the co-worker of John C. Learned in St. Louis in times past, the strength of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis., and the personal friend of UNITY and its friends, he will be inexpressibly missed, but all this public calamity is forgotten in this moment in the sympathy with the bereaved family, who, in their summer home, mourn the light of life that created it.

Now that E. L. Godkin is in his grave, how many people are willing to recognize his ethical dignity and spiritual potency who, while he lived, characterized his high standards, his impartial judgments, his exacting ethics with the words "cold," "imperious," "autocratic," and the like. How poorly do these words today represent the conscience that edited the *Nation* for so many years and made of the *Evening Post* a spiritual chronometer by which so many hurried men and women were glad to set their moral watches. Godkin stood for peace as against war; for integrity as against "prosperity" in national finances; for cosmopolitanism as against provincialism; for humanity as against party. He was a tonic to the conscience. His words were bugle notes on the battle fields of our nation throughout a generation of confusing controversy and wild agitations.

As UNITY goes to press the life of the King of England hangs in the balance and the political, social and economic world is suffering keen suspense. But all these anxieties are of but secondary significance compared with the human pathos involved. As a king this man is not of much importance even in his own realm; as a factor in society life at home or abroad, from our standpoint, he is an element to be deplored; in the economic problems his health or death is an arbitrary factor to be regretted. But as a husband, father and neighbor, as a man capable of suffering the agonies of body and the disappointments of the mind, as a brother man, he appeals to the humane in our heart; our sympathies go out to him and to his, and we gladly confess our kinship and express our deepest sympathy.

The Chicago American violates many of the standards of good taste, as we understand them, and oftentimes shocks the proprieties with a loudness of form and matter, but it also commands our admiration in its fearlessness and deserves our gratitude in the way it champions many of the benign interests of today. We have already alluded to the crusade it inaugurated some weeks ago against that survival of barbarism known as "trap shooting." With camera and pen and pencil it has plead the cause of the pigeon, and finally, largely through its agitation, the city council of Chicago has enacted that all such shooting is a misdemeanor punishable by fine within the limits of the City of Chicago. A few of the sportsmen resisted the ordinance, but it should be recorded that most hunters recognize the righteousness of the protest and endorse the ordinance. Let other cities and states go and do likewise.

Dr. H. S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in his convocation address before the University of Chicago last week, had, as it seems to us, a wise word of warning and protest against the rising enthusiasm among college students for the dissipations, excitements and social anxieties represented by class politics, fraternity rivals, and social functions.

There is a noble austerity that belongs to the academic life, and the sooner it is recognized and the further it is exemplified, the higher will be the output of our universities and the nobler will be our culture. The statistics of the increasing tide of young men and young women who rush to our institutions of higher learning may be very deceiving. It is always in order to ask, what do they go there for? What do they do while there, and what is the quality of the manhood and womanhood that comes away? The tainted breath of the young man and the feverish pulse of the young woman is an arraignment of our universities. When the attendance of such is diminished the power of the institution will be on the increase.

Co-Education at the Chicago University Not Settled Yet.

Notwithstanding the fact that the sensational headlines of the Chicago papers have assumed that the Harper plan of segregation was inevitable, and that even the *Women's Journal,* of Boston, has announced in its heading, "Co-education half abolished at the Chicago University," and notwithstanding the fact that since our last issue the question has been before the junior college faculty, and that after a long debate of two hours and a half, in which the President himself took active part, and that the vote in favor of the segregation plan was twenty-five to twenty-two, the question is yet very far from being a closed one. From the junior college it must go to the senate of the university, where it may carry, but not until after a determined vote and a clearing of the ground in many ways; then it may be thrown back into the "Congregation" of the university, the largest and most democratic advisory body, where it was defeated last week, twenty-four to seven. After that it must come before the board of trustees and they take action. Then the million and a half dollars must be found, and the ground must be bought, as we understand it. On President Harper's own estimate it will take two years of time to build the quadrangle, and then, if the President's declaration can be relied upon, it will be an elective matter and there will be some girls of sufficient serious purpose and heroic mold to take their stand and ask for co-education; which does not mean the privilege of dancing with young men members of the university, but the privileges of co-instruction at the hands of professors who do not teach feminine science and female mathematics, but rather Science and Mathematics.

But if all these should seem to fail the cause of co-education, the Chicago University, if it takes this backward step, has the twentieth century to reckon with.

Said one of the professors: "This is clearly a movement of aristocracy as opposed to democracy; it is wealth trying to establish its distinction." This is at bottom a question of democracy, and democracy is to win out.

Indeed, there is not much comfort in the votes already taken to those who consciously or unconsciously would deal a fell, though not a fatal blow, to co-education, the painful though precious fruit of centuries of evolution. The majority is not an imposing one when we remember that conservatism is a stolid element to deal with, and that there are always certain elements that ally themselves with the administration, whatever that may be, and that the personal power of President Harper has, up to this point, been considered almost imperial on the campus.

And still, any one knowing the personality of the faculty realizes how preponderating is the weight of character on the side of co-education. On this side in the junior faculty alone, five deans, representing the administrative power of the university, are opposed to change. And among those who are waging a determined war against this reactionary movement are men, most of whom have not only national, but international fame in their respective departments. Co-education has everything to hope for when it is so valiantly championed by such men as Professors Chamberlain, Coulter, Hale, Laughlin, Dewey, Tufts, Cutting, Shorey, Salisbury, Tarbell, Galusha Anderson, Henderson, Owen, Angel, Hatfield, Thompson, Triggs, all the women members of the faculty and the administration, and many others. There are many prominent and influential men and women on the campus who have decided convictions on this question who have no vote in any of these advisory bodies, but who, together with the spirited alumni and the young women in the undergraduate departments, as well as the intelligent and progressive educators and friends of education in America and Europe, are to be reckoned with before this question is closed. The following communication was promptly signed and forwarded to the proper authorities immediately after a vote of the junior faculty:

"To the president and to the members of the junior college faculty:

"We, the undersigned women, officers of instruction and administration in the University of Chicago, but without a vote in the junior college faculty, desire hereby to express our opinion that the proposed separation of men and women in the classes of the junior college is not called for by any existing conditions, and would be detrimental to the best interests of both the men and the women in the university, as well as to the general interests of education throughout the country."

This protest was signed by the following:

Sophonisba Breckinridge,	Anna S. Packer,
Clara Comstock,	Cora B. Perrine,
Zella Allen Dixson,	Maude L. Radford,
Frances Knox,	Amy E. Tanner,
Florence Lyon,	Ella F. Young.

As we said in our last issue, this is not a local question over which the trustees of the Chicago University have moral, though they must have legal, jurisdiction. It is a time for all friends of progressive education to express themselves. Those wishing to lend a hand will do well to communicate with those who are trying to discover public opinion on the matter. Let their protests be sent directly to the President, and let the public know the nature and character of these protests.

Chicago Has a Classic Gala Day

High life has just celebrated what the newspapers call a "classic" festival. It had its "Derby Day" last Saturday, which, according to these same newspapers,

was "the greatest yet." Sixty thousand people were reported on the ground. "Dashing gowns created a fascinating spectacle!" Column after column of details were published in all the Sunday morning papers, telling all about turnouts and dresses.

There was a sudden shock to certain up-to-date parties when they found that the automobile contingency was excluded from the grounds. Although this narrowed the range, the title of the vehicles were still confusing. "Victorias," "traps," "phaetons," "brakes," "hansoms," "landaus," "station wagons," "buck boards," "runabouts," "opera omnibuses," "broughams," etc., etc., were described with tantalizing details.

And then the dresses of the women! With names of ladies arranged alphabetically the gowns and collateral toggery were described in long columns in most alluring and elusive terms. Laces, crepes, taffetas, appliques, organdies, grenadines, foulards, not to venture on the harder words, were detailed in all colors and shapes. Even the men's hats and trousers occupied generous space in the descriptive columns.

After all this a little space was given to the horses, from which we gather that a dozen or more three-year-old colts had a great race, and that an unanticipated colt came in ahead; which surprise brought a great shock and a solemn chill promptly on the heel of the first enthusiasm, or, to quote from the headlines given "The wild shout was followed by a hush of agony!" "Fortunes were lost in the defeat of Heno!" So this gaiety ended after all in a grimness to thousands, and the great "society function" was submerged in a gambling slough. The owner of the successful horse is said to have won a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, so heavy were the odds against him. Somebody lost that one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The betting is reported to have been "quite general." Hundreds of gay turnouts fixed up their "pools" and "books" on the way out, and the ladies of Chicago's favored boulevards and avenues indulged in the pardonable (?) excitement of betting on Derby Day. One spectator described to us the excitement of a "pillar" in his church (orthodox) in cashing his "wire checks."

We know it is ungracious to deal with such a hot subject in cool blood; it is very bad form even for a preacher to be unmoved by such genteel nonsense and polite vulgarity. Even the ladies, who are supposed to "lead in reforms," who are ambitious in "club circles," and who ape literary and artistic pleasures, ought to be pardoned for a display of lace, lawn and ribbons at such a time, and if they get their pictures in the paper it ought not to seriously militate against their ethical leadership and humanitarian missions next winter.

An eminent pugilist is reported to have said that gambling has taken all the life out of prize fighting and horse racing in America, both of which represented manly arts and scientific achievements until they were debauched by money considerations. Perhaps it is another indication of the commercial spirit of the age that even this great exhibit of horse development is subordinated to "dream" millinery and Parisian costumes.

But we must give the gentlemen and ladies in question full benefit of the arguments of "They all do it!" and "You are another!" It was a very sober and simple turnout exhibited on Chicago boulevards last Saturday compared with what will be paraded on the London streets this week, where a poor, suffering man was to have received the coronation honors of sable robes, satin vestments, gold and silver buckles that represented minted millions of coin.

Are all these extravagances and indulgences to be exempted from the requirements of the moral law and the dictates of common sense?

Chicago is developing three "classic" social events in the year, viz., the "Horse Show," the "Fat Stock Show" and the "Derby." An expert on these matters, one who is thoroughly acquainted with the inside figures, estimated for us last winter that the least a gentleman could take his wife, daughter and one guest to the horse show for one evening was three hundred dollars, and this would only insure a modest place in the procession. We will not undertake to count the cost of a place in the Derby "smart set," but we venture to say that there were some who found a place there who are behind on their church subscriptions, if they are not "too poor" to make any at all; who "cannot afford" to buy any new books or to give their children the attendance and the attention necessary to the development of their moral and spiritual natures.

Meanwhile Chicago, alas, has back streets and dirty alleys where live crying babies, cross mothers, drinking and drunken husbands; there are sweat-shop miseries, tenement house disgraces. Chicago has a levee, its "Bridewell" and its "Dunning!"

But then it has had a "classic" entertainment!

It has had its Derby Day! !

The Abraham Lincoln Centre.

A GROUND-BREAKING FESTIVAL.

Saturday, June 7, was the day planned for, but the rain fell in torrents and the children and the heroic few of the elders that were not to be intimidated by a rain storm, ate their ice cream under cover, hoping that the next Saturday would be a smiling one, and their hopes came true.

Saturday, June 14, at four p. m., there was to be seen an improvised platform, a hundred or more chairs for the elders on the vacant lot across the way from All Souls Church. A cord was stretched to indicate the outlines of the new building and stakes placed to indicate the width of the walls at the four corners. By four thirty the sidewalks on Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue were thronged with sympathizing neighbors and spectators, but thanks to the fence, the inside lot was kept clear. This was reserved for the home folks, for it was to be a family festival, to which there was given the minimum of publicity. Indeed, there was no arrangement with the exception of a vague purpose in the mind of the leader, upon which the impromptu program might travel. A little later the Sunday-school, led by the pastor and the superintendent, marched out by twos from the dear church-home. Professor Apmadoc leading them as they sang their processional. The elders fell in at the rear of the column and the line reached from the old to the new grounds. The front end was breaking up around the platform before the rear end had left the church.

Mr. Jones took charge of the proceedings. The

children sang "Sons of Freedom." There was reading from the Psalms, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" and "Unless the Lord build the house." Then the congregation sang, "One holy church of God appears," after which Mr. Jones said, in substance:

"We are met for a simple but tender and solemn exercise. We are here to celebrate a happy fruition and a great venture. The hundred thousand dollar subscription line having been successfully passed, we have asked our children to come with us this afternoon that they with us may turn the first sod and fret the earth with our spades, marking the spiritual beginning of the material work which our committees will push with as much speed as prudence, economy and thorough work will warrant.

"I shall call for a few words from a few unnotified friends and then I may speak a word and ask you to bow your heads and lift your hearts with me in aspiration and prayer, after which we will sing our hymn of trust and "break the ground."

"The first words should be spoken by the representatives of the officers of the church, who have so quietly persisted in their quest, willingly furthering the scheme, even when they distrusted its feasibility, thinking it worth while to lend themselves to a high impossibility, so I will first call upon Mr. J. W. Hiner, president of the board of trustees."

Mr. Hiner said:

In the crypt of St. Paul's is the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that great cathedral. It bears the inscription, "If you seek his monument, look about you." The structure to be erected on this spot will be something more than a monument to its architect. It may be, and doubtless will be, an evidence of his professional skill and esthetic taste, but to us it will be much more than that. To us it will be the tangible result of two-score years' devotion to high ideals, and of two-score years of loving service in the cause of truth, of justice, of liberty, of humanity. To us it will be not only a beautiful edifice, an adornment of our city, a house of worship and the center of those ethical and educational potencies which we cherish; but it will be the expression of a thought, the crystallization of an ideal. To us it will be the visible expression of what has long existed. It will not mark out our mission, or define our destiny; it will only broaden and strengthen the work long since allotted to us. Under its sheltering roof the things it represents will grow and prosper until the great cause to which it is consecrated,

"Moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."

The Chairman: The next word ought to be from a representative of the women; they who always did believe it was feasible; who never faltered; who conquered the distrust of their brethren; who have led and will lead. I venture to call upon Mrs. George F. Shears. The mention of her name, I see, is already spreading consternation on her face. But this is her place, not only for what she may say but for what she has done and is doing.

Mrs. Shears said: As one of the representatives of the women of the church I join with the representatives of the men, the children, the study classes, the alumni and all of those who have looked forward to this day, in congratulating our pastor, Mr. Jones, upon the work which has been accomplished largely through his efforts and initiative. I join with the representatives of those other forces in felicitating ourselves in having reached successfully one stage in our journey, and I join as an individual in the general spirit of joy and thankfulness.

This is hardly a time to make any statements regarding the work of the women. That they have worked no one denies. That their work was effective their generous fellow workers admit. That their work cannot be measured by their own individual contributions is evident to all. That they will work in the future cheerfully, courageously and hopefully I can safely promise, and I sincerely believe that this work begun so happily here today will not be abandoned by the women until it has served the full measure of its usefulness.

The Chairman: The next word should be spoken for the children; the Sunday-school whose pennies have been so religiously saved for the last two years; whose confidence has cheered us; whose needs have inspired us.

Mrs. William Kent: Of course the children represent our highest inspiration in this venture. Much as we older ones will need and use the building we propose to build here, our needs are insignificant compared with those of the children. Here we hope to surround them with such helpful, hopeful, cheerful views of life and duty that they will grow up joyous and useful men and women, becoming through the help of the Lincoln Centre public spirited and consecrated citizens.

The children are here to speak for themselves; their teachers are here. We propose to work together in making of the Lincoln Centre a useful and helpful home.

After the singing of "Lincoln Soldiers" by the class of 1901 the chairman said: "Around the confirmation classes of All Souls Church have gathered some of the tenderest and dearest associations of my ministry. The confirmation class alumni represents the most trusty bodyguard of the church and its leader, an association now some 180 strong. They are here to break ground and to rejoice in the breaking. The president of the Alumni Association, whose growth we have watched with pride, whom we have loved and trusted as a little boy, in the Sunday-school, as student in grammar, high school and college, and as a man of high degrees, an efficient professor, Willard Gore, will speak the word for his associates.

Willard Gore: The members of the confirmation class alumni who are gathered here today have come to take part in a simple but deeply significant action, and not to say much. When David was telling his son Solomon about the Temple which he charged him to build, he described the plans in detail, set forth "the pattern of all that he had by the spirit, of the courts of the House of the Lord," and then he gave him some high counsel, saying, among other things, "Be strong and of good courage, and DO IT." It is not recorded that Solomon *said* anything on this occasion; probably by his silence he gave an early promise of his wisdom. But it is recorded that he went ahead and *did* it. There is still as high a "pattern" and as much to do as there was then.

The Chairman: Perhaps no "need" has been so commanding and imperative in the minds of the promoters of the Lincoln Centre as that of the boys, everybody's boy and nobody's boy; the boys who have no place to go to; the boys with and for whom we have wrestled, sometimes in triumph, sometimes in failure, in our *"Black Hole of Calcutta"*—the place of inadequate light and impure air in the cellar across the way. For them there is to be generous provision, where by means of trained fingers we propose to train brain, reaching through skilled hands to disciplined wills. Lately they have taken upon themselves the dignified name of "The Try-Square Club," but they are the same boys, our boys, and Miss Langley, their captain and leader, will speak for them.

Miss Euphrosyne Langley: I think the boys are the ones to make this speech, but they seem to be as afraid of a speech as I am. You see we, all of us, use our hands more than we do our tongues. At any rate, all we have to say is a very warm "thank you" to the many friends who have helped us in the past. We have heard today a great many hopeful anticipations concerning the new building, but I am sure no one looks forward to the new home of Lincoln Centre with more pleasure or more ambition than the members of the Try-Square Club.

The Chairman: It is fitting that at this time we should call to mind another breaking of ground. A little over sixteen years ago, an earlier spring day, a drizzly, foggy day, a little band, scarcely daring to voice their purposes, gathered across the way and with hymn and prayer and quiet consecration turned the sod for that building. I am thinking of the old guard that were with us then, and a goodly number of which, thank God, are with us still. In our Year Book of this year there are in our resident list the names of fifty-seven persons who were on our rolls in 1886. I wonder how many are in this presence today who were present at that more heroic ground-breaking in

1886. Please let me see your hands. (As the hands were raised the names were called out. It was discovered that there were some twenty-four or five of these present.) Bless the old guard! They must have a spokesman; who so fitting as that Faithfulness whose name is Ellen Leonard? She who has served us in every capacity, from janitor to preacher, organist, teacher, superintendent, treasurer, everything and always in the right place, in office and out of office, always the "parish assistant."

Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard: When we broke ground for the little church across the way, I remember it was one of the precious and sacred moments of my life. We all worked with a will and an enthusiasm to make it the busy and happy church-home it was meant to be. Now, again, we are about to start another on this ground where we are digging today, and we hope and believe that the work this new building is meant to embody may be carried on in the same spirit of earnest devotion and steady effort that has kept us growing in the past. If we, again, as pastor and people in this new effort, can put the best that is in us into the work and make it become what it should be in proportion to its larger possibilities, it will live long after Mr. Jones has ceased to lead it.

The Chairman: The digging time has almost come. The fingers of the children are already itching for these shovels, but there is one more voice at least which we must hear—Mrs. Bangs, our Mother in Israel, our oracle. Speak to us out of your wisdom.

Mrs. Bangs: True, this is the time of looking forward, but naturally it might be expected that personally I should feel a little inclined to look back—back to a similar association some sixteen years ago—a small venture, perhaps, then, but oh how much it meant to a few of us who were longing "not for *more* but for *fuller* and *deeper life*," and how much time, what hopes and fears, what consecration of ourselves, what energy, toil and self-abnegation on the part of our much-enduring minister and the family—all this and more we tried to bring to the work, or rather, I should say, to the realization of our dream. True, we found difficulties in the way, some of our particular idols were gently taken down, some friends forsook us, some were faint-hearted and the "sinews of war" were not always forthcoming and we were sometimes almost discouraged, but lured by the larger vision and a voice and spirit which continually called upon us to "come up higher," we took courage of our convictions, sacrifices and hopes and at last the "waking reality" of our fondest dreams —dreams of a larger faith, of intellectual sincerity and of higher religious and spiritual ideals, "for after all the ideal is truer than the real, and is the eternal element in things perishable." Today in loyal memory and loving indebtedness to the helpful ministrations of the past and what All Souls is now to us all, I reverently lift this bit of earth in faith and hope that the new All Souls dream may indeed become a "waking vision," and could I endow a "chair in perpetuity in this cathedral dream" it would still be as in the past, a chair of "*applied personal righteousness*" and of high spiritual teachings—teachings always of the spirit, always of the eternal—for by such are we saved, either as the state or the individual soul; and so, friends, while sowing the seed of all good things here, trusting to the "Lord of the harvest," let us still "*dream*," knowing that

"The dreamer lives forever,
But the toiler dies in a day."

Mr. Jones: Mrs. Bangs has given me my cue, the text for my last word. "The dreamer lives forever." Friends, we have a few very tangible purposes, some very definite things we mean to do, and I believe the way is clear for the doing of some of these things that are so well worth while, but the most valuable assets in our possession today are our dreams. Above all the "definite plans" and specific things upon which we have raised this subscription stand the dreams of which we have dared scarcely speak. We break ground today in the interest of high experimentation, aye, of holy failures. For let my words be remembered when disappointments come, as come they will; when failures come, as come they may, that I bargained for them at this ground-breaking festival. I remember of the words at the ground-breaking of 1886 simply this: I said then as I say now, I am willing to fail if need be on these high lines: disappointment on such lines will be more blessed than fruition on lower lines. In spite of the ominous predictions that haunted my heart that early spring day, I want to say in this presence that that humble building has brought a larger measure of usefulness, opened wider and longer avenues of influence, given us greater joy and sweeter companionship, a fellowship more wide and ever widening than my fondest hopes then dared dream of. And the measure of our success over there has been in proportion to the largeness of our dreams. So I venture to consecrate this new venture to high disappointments and to holy failure. The quest here, as there, will be forever a widening fellowship. We aim to erect a building here that will bless the child of the millionaire and the gamin of the alley; that will shelter the devotee and woo the skeptic; that will give room enough and work enough for men and women to work together; for rich and poor to rejoice together; a home whose doors will be sufficiently hospitable to welcome all creeds and all races; a home wherein "no man will be stranger."

I see the face, but I must not speak the name of the wage-earning woman whose faith in this movement even staggered me. Nearly three and a half years ago, in January, 1899, she sent me the first money contribution with the cheerful assurance "it is going to come." For months that five-dollar bill was solitary, but it braced my courage and strengthened my faith. Today we celebrate its triumph.

Let us bow our heads and lift our hearts in thankfulness, after which we will join in our hymn of Faith, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Mr. Jones then handling the shovels said: Mrs. Kent, lead the children of the Sunday-school to the northwest corner and with this spade break the ground. After you, let Joe Packard, the youngest child, follow with his little spade. And here are spades of all sizes; see to it that every child and teacher fret this soil with their hopefulness.

Willard Gore, lead the confirmation class alumni to the southeast corner and with this spade break the ground for the building that is to be the home of youth, a building to house their purposes and nurse their energies.

Miss Langley, take this spade and lead the Try-Square Club to the northeast corner and break the ground in the interest of a rounded training, the industrial arts, the boys' joy and hope.

And with this spade I will throw the first sod where the southwest corner of the building will rest, in the name of All Souls Church, and let all friends of the movement follow me and lend a helping hand.

Mr. Jones, at the southwest corner: Here goes the first shovelful, for freedom, fellowship and character in religion. Here is another for that Unity that was the hope of the nineteenth century, and will be the realization of the twentieth; and here is for Abraham Lincoln, the citizen saint, the great emancipator.

Mrs. Nancy Nickerson, take this spade and throw the dirt in the name of the Hill Reading Room, which your generosity has made possible. Without your gift we would not have been here today.

Mrs. A. L. Kelley, the oldest manager of the study sections, break the soil in the interest of the Novel Section.

Mr. Morehouse, throw a spadeful in the name of the Philosophy Section.

Twenty years ago our first Browning class was started. We have had Browning on tap ever since. Harry Hyman and Mrs. Brown, please turn the sod in the name of Browning.

Emerson is ever with us. Helen Willett, manager of the Emerson Section, will take the spade next, and let all the others follow.

At the Alumni corner Mr. Jones, throwing five spadefuls of earth, said: Here is for the Bible, here

is for Socrates, here for Shakespeare, here for Herbert Spencer, and here is for Emerson—religious ideals, classical culture, modern poetry, modern thought and universal religion—the inspirations of the alumni of All Souls Church.

Mr. Jones at the Manual Training corner: Here is for the industrious life, the joy of skilled labor, the trained eye, the disciplined hand and the loving heart.

Mr. Jones at the Sunday-school corner: "A little child shall lead them." May this building teach reverence without superstition; breadth, but not indifference; love that is rational; a freedom that is devout.

Some three dozen shovels were supplied—small ones for the children, and after half an hour of informal and happy digging the company retired to the church across the way, where refreshments were served. Mrs. Hiner sang a spring song, and Mr. Kent, chairman of the provisional board of trustees of the Lincoln Centre and treasurer of the building fund, made the closing statement.

William Kent: The work was not begun until $100,000 had been definitely pledged.

Forty thousand dollars has been paid. The present location, the guarantee fund and unpaid subscriptions are fully good for the remaining $60,000. The building will be four-sided and honest, brick, iron and cement. It should be under roof by September, 1903.

We are building to house our ideals. By housing them we are not locking them up or excluding them from the common air. They are made of the common stuff of humanity and have nothing to fear from aught but isolation.

The foundations do not cut the building off from the earth, they make it part of the earth. The walls affording shelter from the elements are permeable and will be permeated by those invisible rays of human sympathy that attest the unity of humankind.

There will be many windows to look out rejoicing at the common sunlight.

From roof to basement the motive is hospitality. Those who enter the building will not leave their faults at the door as the Mohammedan leaves his shoes; for such storage was never known to diminish the burden of meanness when that burden is again taken up at departure. People will come as they are, that mayhap they may have their burdens lightened or lifted by the influence of the place. This house that we are building can be hospitable to everything but hypocrisy and laziness—all other character disorders are curable.

A house for our ideals which we know are high ideals and universal ideals and right ideals, and for which we are so largely indebted to this great and good man (Mr. Jones), this we are building.

In this work of helpfulness to each other, and to all others, in this task of teaching by example what the church should be, and can be, we have reason, all of us, to expect the most hearty co-operation.

In the early evening the large company had dispersed; the children were on their way home carrying their little shovels as souvenirs of the day's festival, the ground for the Abraham Lincoln Centre was broken and the demand for more patience, more self-denial, more money, very much more study, brooded like a holy benediction over the vacant lot on the northeast corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue in the City of Chicago.

"Fools Rush In..."

One fool sailed westward till he found a world;
One found new worlds within the mind of man:
The cynics called Columbus charlatan
And burned Giordano Bruno! . . . Who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll, that men might *know*,
But foolish Galileo? . . . Who began
Our new free art and thought and social plan,
But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?

There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing!—to those who dare, rush in, and die!—
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles, and who think
True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry,
"The fools, the fools, the fools!"—*God bless the fools!*
—*Curtis Hidden Page, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

Readings in Modern Mexican Authors.

ALFREDO CHEVARO.

Few men are better known throughout Mexico today than Alfredo Chavero. As a lawyer, a politician, a man of affairs and a writer, he has been eminently successful. He was born in the City of Mexico, February 1, 1841. He studied law, and began the practice of the profession at the age of twenty years. In 1862 he was elected Deputy to Congress. A Liberal in politics, he was associated with Juarez throughout the period of the French intervention. After the downfall of the Empire in 1867, he entered journalism and began his career in letters. During the administration of Lerdo de Tejada he was in Europe but when that government fell, he returned to Mexico and was appointed to the second position in the department of foreign affairs. He has occupied other important government positions, among them that of City Treasurer and Governor of the Federal District and has for many years been a member of the House of Deputies, of which he has at times been the presiding officer.

Señor Chavero is, probably, the foremost living Mexican authority upon the antiquities of that country. He is also an eminent historian. In both archaeology and history he has written important works. At the quadricentennial celebration of the discovery of America, he was the chief member of a commission, which among other things published a great work—*Antiguedades Mexicanas*—which was largely devoted to facsimile reproduction of ancient Mexican picture manuscripts, before unpublished; the accompanying, explanatory, text was written by Chavero himself. Among other archaeological works he has written *Los dioses astronomicos de los antiguos Mexicanos* (the Astronomical Gods of the Ancient Mexicans)—and studies upon the *stone of the sun*, and the *stone of hunger*. During the past he has published the *wheel of years*, and *hieroglyphic paintings*. He was author of the first volume of the great work *Mexico á traves de los Siglos*, (Mexico Through the Centuries), a history of Mexico in five large quarto volumes. Each of these volumes dealt with a distinct epoch of Mexican history and was written by a specialist. Chavero's volume treated Prehistoric Mexico in a masterly fashion. In biography Chavero's lives of *Sahagun*, *Siguenza* and *Boturini* deal with Spanish-Mexicans, his *Itzcoatl* and *Montezuma* with natives. He has edited, with scholarly annotation, the works of *Ixtlilxochitl* and Muñoz Camargo's *Historia de Flaxcala*.

But Alfredo Chavero has also written in the field of dramatic literature, some of his plays having been well received. *Xochitl*, *Quetzalcoatl* and *Los Amores de Alarcon* (The Loves of Alarcon) are among the best known. In *Xochitl* and *Quetzalcoatl*, the romantic events of the days of the Conquest and the life of the Indians, furnish his material. In all his writing, Chavero is simple, direct, and strong; his style is graceful and his treatment interesting.

Our quotations are drawn from *Mexico á través de los Siglos* and *Xochitl.*

"Still, among the first writers of the colonial epoch we shall encounter some authentic material regarding the ancient Indians. Some chroniclers based their narratives upon hieroglyphs, which they did not limit themselves to interpreting, but which also served them as a foundation for more extended records; contemporaries of the Conquest, they had heard from the conquered themselves, their traditional history. Others, without availing themselves of the assistance of the paintings, simply recorded the traditions in their works —and we must remember that, on account of the inadequacy of their hieroglyphic writing, the Mexicans were ever accustomed to carry the glorious deeds of their race in memory, which they taught their children, in song and story, that they might not be forgotten. Without doubt, the first works of the chroniclers suffered from the natural vagueness which is felt in expressing new ideas. They are not, and could not be, complete treatises because each wrote merely what he himself could gather. The most important personages of the vanquished people dead, in fighting for their country, few remained who knew the secrets of their history and the greater number of these did not lend themselves to their revelation. The chroniclers, themselves, concealed something of what they learned, especially if it related to the gods and the religious calendar, for fear of reawakening the barely dormant idolatry. Also from the very first, the desire to harmonize the beliefs of the Indians, and their traditions, with the Biblical narrative, was, in part, responsible for the confusion in their writings; a desire very natural in that epoch, and which must be taken into account in reading the chronicles, in order to get rid of false judgments born from it. But whatever may be their defects, it cannot be denied that they constitute a most precious material, in which, seeking discretely and logically, abundant historic treasures are encountered. We present, therefore, some discussion of the principal chroniclers and their relative importance and examine impartially the works of our historians."

"At dawn Sandoval proceeded, with the brigantines to take possession of the lakelet; Alavardo was to advance from the market, and Cortes sallied from his camp, with the three iron cannon, certain that their balls would compel the besieged to surrender and would do them less damage than the fury of the allies. In his march he met many men almost dead, weakened women, and emaciated children, on their way to the Spanish camp. Some miserable beings, in order to escape from their last hold, had thrown themselves into the canals, or had fallen into them, pushed from behind by others, and were drowned. Cortes issued orders that no harm should be done them, but the allies robbed them and killed more than fifteen thousand persons. The priests and warriors, thin with hunger and worn with labor, armed with their weapons and bearing their standards, passively awaited the attack, on top of the temple, on house roofs, or standing in their canoes. Cortes ascended also to the roof of a house near the lake, that he might oversee the operations. He again offered peace to those who were in the canoes, and insisted that some one should go to speak with Cuauhtemoc. Two *principales* agreed to go and, after a long time the *Cihuacoatl* returned with them to say that his king did not care to speak of peace. Some five hours having passed in these transactions, Corter commanded to open fire with the cannons. It was three in the afternoon, when Cuauhtemoc's shell-horn was heard for the last time; the Mexicans on the east and south precipitated themselves upon their opponents and the canoes attacked the brigantines.

"Cuauhtemoc, when it was no longer in human power to resist, preferred flight to surrender, and in order to succeed, distracted the attention of his opponents. While these, battling and routing the Mexicans, penetrated into their last refuge from the south and east, and while Sandoval was destroying the fleet of canoes, Cuauhtemoc, with Tecuichpoch and the chief dignitaries, sallied in canoes from Tlacochcalco—gained the western canal, whence, by great labor, he reached the lake. He directed himself toward the opposite shore, to seek refuge in Cuauhtlalpan.

"But Garcia Holguin saw the canoes of the fugitives and setting the sails of his brigantine, gave chase; already he had them within range and the gunners were in the prow, ready to shoot, when Cuauhtemoc rose and said—"Do not shoot; I am the king of Mexico; take me and lead me to Malindzen, but let no one harm the queen." With Cuauhtemoc were [illegible], the only dignitaries, high-priests, and *principales*, who had survived. All were transferred to the brigantine. . . . Cortes, as we have said, was upon the roof of a house in the quarter of Amaxac, a house belonging to a *principal*, named Aztacoatzin. He caused it to be decorated with rich mantles and brightly colored mattings, for the reception of the imperial captive. By his side were Marina and Aguilar, Pedro de Alavardo and Cristobal de Olid. The prisoners arrived led by Sandoval and Holguin. Cortes rose and, with the noble respect of a conqueror for the unfortunate hero, embraced Cuauhtemoc tenderly. Tears came to the eyes of the captive and, placing his hand upon the hilt of the conqueror's poignard, said to him the following words with which at once succumbed a king, his race, his native land, and his gods—'Malintzin, after having done what I could in defence of my city and my nation, I come, perforce and a prisoner, before thy person and thy power; take, now, this dagger and kill me.' "

Xochitl is a fair example of Chavero's dramas. It comprises three acts and is in verse. There are but five actors—Cortes, Marina (his Indian interpreter and mistress), Xochitl (a beautiful Indian girl, supposed to be Marina's sister), Bernal Diaz del Castillo (faithful soldier of Cortes and best chronicler of the Conquest), and Gonzalo Alaminos (brought, though a mere youth, from Spain, by Cortes, as a page). Xochitl is, really, an Aztec maiden who, when the Spaniards first appeared, was serving in the temple; Gonzalo, wounded, was brought a prisoner to the temple, where he is nursed by Xochitl, between whom and himself ardent love arises. After the capture of the city, they are separated and Xochitl is sent, as a slave, to Tabasco, a present to Marina's unknown sister. Marina summons her sister to Mexico; she starts but dies upon the journey, and Xochitl, substituted for her, reaches the city and is taken at once into Cortes' house, by her supposed sister. Cortes, having tired of Marina, falls in love with Xochitl; his affection is not reciprocated. Marina, knowing that the love of Cortes has cooled, though she does not know the new object of his love, remorseful for her treachery to her own people and smarting under the contempt of Indian and Spaniard both, is ever complaining and querulous. Xochitl, terrified at Cortes' love consults Bernal and makes known the facts to Gonzalo. They plan to flee and set an hour for meeting. Cortes, anxious to rid himself of Marina, determines to send her to Arizaba, to wed Jaramillo; sending for Gonzalo he orders him to accompany her and arranges the departure at the very time set for elopement, by the lovers. The moment is one of public tumult. Gonzalo keeps his appointment but, at the critical moment, Xochitl's courage fails. Marina appears and Gonzalo abruptly leaves; he is shot in the tumult. Meantime the two women converse; Xochitl narrates the story of her life, her sub-

stitution for Marina's sister, her love for Gonzalo and Cortes' love for her. They separate in anger. Cortes entering, announces Gonzalo's death, and mourns him, confessing him to be his natural son. Xochitl, in her agony, tells Cortes of the love there had been between Gonzalo and herself; Marina, appearing at this moment, hands the unhappy girl the weapon with which she kills herself. As she dies, she reveals her complete identity, she is the last survivor of the royal house, the sister of Cuauhtemoc. Cortes overwhelmed by grief for Gonzalo, loss of Xochitl, and weariness of Marina, sends the latter at once to Orizaba, in Bernal's care.

Bernal and Gonzalo, meeting, discuss the recent conquest of Nueva Galicia by the infamous Nuno de Gugman.

Gonzalo. "If to lay waste fields and towns,
If to assassinate war captives,
If to violate pledged faith,
Is to be Christian, I admit
That Don Nuno de Gugman
Is of Christians, the very type.
The Tlaxcallans complain,
Who have been our faithful allies,
That, like beasts of burden,
He has led them over
Hard roads, not fighting—
As they were led to expect—
But, bearing on their shoulders
Great, heavy burdens;
And that those, who, from fatigue,
Bernal, could go no further,
Were instanter thrown to the dogs,
Or left, without assistance,
In the forests. Their shoulders
Covered with wounds, I have seen;
Upon frightful chafed spots,
The memory of which appals me,
They carried our provisions;
Meantime, Don Nuno, tranquil,
Sought renown in war,
Or enriched himself,
By plundering defenseless villages.
Imagine, friend Bernal,
If he mistreats our allies,
What he would do to enemies."

Xochitl confers with Bernal as to what she ought to do:

Bernal. "But, tell me. Before today
Has Cortes told you of his love?
Xochitl. Until today, I have not seen him at my feet.
His consuming passion,
Through his betraying glance
I have, for some time, realized.
For this reason, Bernal, I avoid
Finding myself alone with him.
Bernal. You ought to flee.
Xochitl. I fear to find myself
Alone in the great world.
Bernal. But, when the hawk
Sees a lonely dove,
He seizes it, within his talons;
When the volcano bursts forth
It destroys in its terrific energy
The palm, which grows at its base.
When the wave is lashed to fury,
The bark sinks in the sea;
And, at the blast of adversity,
Happiness vanishes.
(Pause.)
Xochitl. Do you think Cortes ever——?
Bernal. If he loves thee, good God——!
Xochitl. Then, both of us must leave.
Bernal. You will leave, with Gonzalo?
Do you know to what you expose yourself?
Do you know that, Hernando Cortes,
If he sees himself mocked, is
Than the panther fiercer,
And that his rage would
Dash you to pieces at his feet?
Xochitl. And what signifies life to *me?*
Bernal. But Gonzalo, also, he——
Xochitl. Hold! for God's sake, do not speak
That murderous word.
Departure makes me tremble,
And I tremble if I remain;
Bernal! everything causes me terror;
My uncertainty is frightful——
To remain is impossible——
Without Gonzalao, no, I cannot."
(She departs.)

Cortes communicates his plans for Marina—first to Gonzalo, then to Marina, herself. (Pause.)

Cortes.
"We are likely to have an uprising,
And I do not wish you to be
Involved in it; how good it is to die
In actual battle
And not fighting the vile rabble.
For this reason you are, with Marina,
To leave for Orizaba
At dawn.
Gonzalo. (Aside). And *she* will remain here, without me!
Cortez. I expect you at dawn, Gonzalo,
A passport, for leaving the city,
With a veiled lady,
I shall give you.
Gonzalo. Veiled?
Cortes. So
Will the passport read: I do not wish
Them to know who it is. You ought
To leave at dawn. Go
To rest yourself.
Gonzalo. May happy
Dreams be yours. (Aside.) At dawn!
Xochitl . . . soon I'll return for thee."

* * * *

Cortes. "To counteract the plotting
Of so many enemies, I go to Spain.
In thinking of your happiness——
Marina. You think of *my* happiness, Don Hernando?
Cortes. —Considering that your nobility
Deserves a name, a grandeur,
Worthy of you, Marina, ——
Marina. I know not what vile treason my soul divines.
Cortes. —Wealth, and state,
And a husband—Don Juan de Jaramillo——
Marina. Cease! Hernando, cease!
Cortes. You leave, tomorrow, for Orizaba.
Marina. And, thus, you abandon me?
And thus you crown my loyalty and love?
Oh monster! Impious father!
And thy son, Cortes? My son?
No, the very panther
Does not abandon its little ones: that beast,
More human heart
Has, than the grand Christian conqueror.
Cortes. We must needs separate.
And no power, you know it well,
Can bend my fixed purpose."

In 1882, General Riva Palacio, author and statesman, published a little book *Los Ceros* (The Zeros), under the *nom-de-plume* of Cero. It was a good natured criticism of contemporary authors, written in a satirical vein. We will close with some quotations from it regarding Chavero.

"Well, then, let us study Chavero upon his two weak sides, that is to say upon his strong sides, because, it is a curious thing, that we always says—'this is my forte,' when we are speaking of some *penchant,* while common opinion at once translates, "this is his weakness;" strength is the impregnable side, but we call the more vulnerable, the strong side.

"Archaeology and the drama! Does it seem to you the title of a comedy? But no, dear sir, these are the passions of our friend, Alfredo Chavero.

True, archaeologists and dramatists are lacking in this land so full of antiques and comicalities; but theatrical management is difficult and the way is sown—worse than with spires—almost with bayonets.

Alfredo has produced good dramas, but nobly dominated by the patriotic spirit, he has wished to place upon the boards, such personages as the Queen Xochitl, and Meconetzin, and with these personages no one gains a reputation here in Mexico. . . . Our society, our nation, has no love for its traditions. Perhaps those writers are to blame for this, who ever seek for the actors in their story, personages of the middle ages, who love and contend, in fantastic castles on the banks of the Rhine, or ladies and knights of the times of Orgaz and Villamediana; those novelists, who disdain the slightest reference in their works, to the banquets, dress, and customs of our own society; who long to give aristocratic flavor to their novels, by picturing Parisian scenes in Mexico and sketching social classes, which they have seen through the pages of Arrsenne Houssaye, Emile Zola, Henri Bourger, or Paison de Terrail; and our poets, who ever speak of nightingales and larks, gazelles and jacinths, without ever venturing to give place, in their doleful ditties, to the *cuitlacoche,* nor the *zentzoutl,* nor the *cocomitl,* nor the *yoloxochitl.*"

"As the Arabs have their Hegira, the Christians their era, and the Russians their calendar without the Gregorian correction, so Chaverito* has his personal era and chronology. The eolithic or neolithic ages signify nought to him, nor the jurassic nor the cretaceous periods; he counts and divides his periods in a manner peculiar to himself and comprehensible to us, the ignoramuses in geology, archaeology, and palaeontology.

"Thus, for example, treating of archaeology he says: in Manuel Payno's boyhood—when he refers to preadamite man; of men like Guillermo Prieto, he says they are of the geological horizon of Guillermo Valle; soldiers, like Corona, he calls volcanic formations; the customs' house receipts he names marine sediments; the stone age, in his nomenclature, signifies the time before he was elected Deputy;—when he says *before the creation,* it is understood that he refers to days when he had not yet been Governor of the Federal District; and if he says *after Christ,* he must be supposed to speak of an epoch posterior to his connection with the State Department; and it is claimed, that he is so skilled in understanding hieroglyphs, that he has deciphered the whole history of Xochimilco, in the pittings left by small-pox, on the face of a son of that pueblo."

"Suppose, dear reader, you encounter one of those stones, so often found in excavating in Mexico, a fragment on which are to be seen, coarsely cut, some engravings, or horrible reliefs, or shapeless figures—have it washed, and present it to Chavero.

"Alfredo will wrinkle his forehead, take a pinch of snuff, join his hands behind him, and displaying so much of his paunch as possible, will spit out for your benefit, a veritable discourse;

'The passage which this stone represents is well known; it figures an episode in the great war between the *Atepocates,*† warlike population of southern Anahuac, and the *escuimilez,* their rivals, in which the latter were finally conquered. The person standing is Chilpocle XI, of the dynasty of the Chacualolez, who, by the death of his father Chichicuilote III, inherited the throne, being in his infancy, and his mother, the famous Queen Apipisca II, the Semiramis of Tepachichilco, was regent during his youth. The person kneeling is Chayote V, unfortunate monarch of the canquished, who owed the loss of his kingdom to the treachery of his councillor, Chincual, who is behind him. The two persons near the victor are his son, who was afterward the celebrated conqueror Cacahuatl II, and his councillor, the illustrious historian and philosopher Guajalote, nicknamed Chicuase, for the reason that he had six fingers on his left hand, and who was the chronicler of the revolt and destruction of the tribes of the *mestlapiques.* The two-pointed star-symbols, which are seen above, are the arms of the founder of the dynasty, Chahiustl the great, and this stone was sculptured during the golden age of the arts of *atepotecas,* when, among their sculptors figured the noted Ajoloth, among their painters the most famous Tlacuil, and among their architects the celebrated Huasontl.'"

FREDERICK STARR.

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* Little Chavero: half-affectionate, half-jocular diminutive of Chavero.

† This and the following Aztec terms are either actually fictitous or have meanings which are ridiculous in the connections given.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXXVII.

The Patience of Job.

I wonder if at any time you have ever heard anybody speak of another person, and say that he had "the patience of Job"? If not, it is quite certain that you will hear this a good many times later on, even before you are grown up. When people wish to tell about some one who has had unusual patience, they always mention the name of Job. This man must have been a great character in history, or the story of him must be quite unlike the stories of ordinary men; otherwise everybody would not use his name as *the* example of patience.

Perhaps I had better at this time, therefore, tell you about Job. Just when he lived, we do not know. It may be that it was somewhere about the time of Ruth and Naomi, or of Jephthah, or of Samson—while the children of Israel had no kings, as I have said a number of times. But it does not matter when he lived; all that we care to find out is what sort of man he was, what he did, or what he had to go through, so that people when talking about wonderful patience should always use this man's name.

According to the story, he was a man of great wealth, having riches of all kinds; all the money he wanted, and everything that his heart could desire. Few men at that day were as rich as Job. Everything went prosperously with him; nothing seemed to go wrong or interfere with him in any way. His children were all well and good and happy; and he had a beautiful home, where there was no trouble of any kind.

All this does not happen often in the world; but it was so with the whole family of Job.

What is more, Job was a very good man. We might have supposed that this wealth and prosperity would have spoiled him a little; because when people are very successful and never have any kind of trouble, they often grow selfish or disagreeable, so that other people do not like them, or will have nothing to do

with them. But not so with this man with whom my story deals; in spite of all his riches and prosperity, he was a man good and true.

My story begins in this way: There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared the Lord, and kept away from evil. And there was born unto him seven sons and three daughters.

Now perhaps you would like to know how rich he was, or what kind of wealth he had. Well I can tell you just what he possessed, and you can count it up if you like. His substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses; so that this man was the greatest of all the children of the East.

It seems that his sons and daughters were all prosperous along with Job. They, too, had happy and beautiful homes, and great wealth, and all that they could desire. Furthermore they had a very pretty custom, which I am sure you will be pleased to know about, by way of celebrating each other's birthdays. So that when a birthday of one of the sons came around, all of the other sons and daughters would gather in his house and have a feast with him.

I suppose you already begin to think that my story has opened too prosperously, and that something is going to happen before long. And you are right in what you are thinking of—something did happen.

According to my story, we are told how the great Tempter came one day to the Lord, and the Lord asked him: "Whence comest thou?" And he answered: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." And the Lord said to the Tempter: "Hast thou thought of my servant Job? Surely there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man."

Then the Tempter answered and said: "Doth Job serve for nought? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land; but put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce thee to thy face."

Then the Lord thought it might be well to find out whether this was true, or at least to put Job to the test. It was a fact, as the Tempter had said, that Job had had no troubles of any kind, or nothing which might lead him to evil. The Great Ruler knew only too well how often it happened that men and women who seemed very strong when nothing went against them, would yet show themselves very weak in the presence of a great temptation. He thought now that it was but fair for Job to have some trials, in order that the man might show his real character. And so he said to the Tempter: "Behold all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put forth not thine hand."

We cannot help feeling just a least bit uneasy about the man Job. It is always very sad and painful when a man whom we have trusted, and looked upon as good and true, shows himself in another light according as circumstances change. And we shall be very unhappy if it turns out this way with Job. But I must tell you the story as it stands, no matter how it turns out. So I go on with my tale.

It fell on a day when the sons and daughters of Job were eating and drinking in their eldest brother's house—keeping his birthday I suppose—that there came a messenger unto Job and said: "The oxen were plowing and the asses feeding beside them, and an enemy fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alive to tell thee."

I should have liked to have seen the face of Job just at that moment. It was the first time in his life that trouble had come to him; and I should like to know how he looked; whether he turned pale, or whether he wore just the same face as before.

But while the man was yet speaking, there came also another and said: "Fire is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them, and I only have escaped alive to tell thee."

Once more I should have liked to have looked at the face of Job, for I keep wondering whether he was yet calm, in spite of what was being told to him. Few men would have been able to control themselves at such a time.

But while the second man was yet speaking, there came also another man and said: "Some bands of men have fallen on the camels and taken them away; yea and have slain the servants with the edge of the sword, and I only have escaped alive to tell thee."

How do you suppose Job looked now? What sort of a face did he have by this time, would you say? All his property seems to have been destroyed or taken away from him. Yet worse was to come.

While the third man was yet speaking, there came also another and said: "Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking in their eldest brother's house, and behold there came a great wind and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon them all, and they are dead, and I only am escaped alive to tell thee."

I must own, that at this moment, I should not have cared to look upon the face of Job. When sorrow strikes a man, we feel such pity it almost overcomes us ourselves. No, I should have wanted for a little while to turn my eyes away, because I know that now the face of Job would have lost its calm, if calm had been there before.

Almost any man would have given way after all these blows, and been ready to curse or to die. Job might have stood up against the loss of all his wealth, but where were all his sons and daughters, his dear children to whom he had hoped to give all he possessed?

And what do you suppose Job said? Why, he rent his mantle in twain, and bowed down solemnly, and spoke these words: "Naked was I born, and naked shall I die; the Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Surely you would say this man had stood the test, and that even the Tempter would have felt that nothing could be done to overcome the patience of Job. But no, the Tempter came to the Great Ruler, the Lord, and the Lord said to him: "Whence comest thou?" And the Tempter answered as before: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.' And the Lord said to the Tempter: "Hast thou considered my servant Job. Surely there is none like him on the earth; a perfect and an upright man; he still holdeth fast his integrity, in spite of what thou hast done to him." And the Tempter answered and said: "Yes, but all a man hath will he give for his life; put forth thine hand now and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will renounce thee to thy face."

It seemed best to the Great Ruler to put Job through the whole of the trial, although he surely must have felt that the man had had enough to endure already. But he answered the Tempter: "Behold he is in thy hand; only spare his life."

Alas for Job! There he was, with all his wealth gone, with his sons and daughters dead, desolate in his home; and now he had still more to endure. For the Tempter smote Job with sore boils, from the sole of his foot unto the crown of his head. Then Job took a potsherd to scrape himself withal, and he went and sat among the ashes. I think we should have felt some pity or mercy now, if Job had lost his patience and used some bad words. It is hard enough for a

man even in good health to show himself brave and strong under calamity, but when he is ill not only in mind but in body, it is still worse.

There lay Job in the ashes, in sore pain, and nothing left to cheer his heart, save the memories of the past. Then his wife came to him. She did not have the same patience. She had seen all that her husband had to suffer, and she said to him: "Curse the Lord, and die." A good many persons would have talked in that way I suppose. But it was now plain that Job was the same man in adversity that he had been in prosperity. You remember the answer he gave when all his sons and daughters had died; and he gave the same answer now to his wife: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish speaketh. What! shall we receive good, and shall we not be ready at the same time to receive evil?"

It was the same reply, you see: The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Then one other sad affliction fell upon Job. Three men came to him who had been his friends in his time of prosperity. I suppose they meant well. But they sat around the poor man giving him advice, and telling him how they would act if they had been obliged to suffer all this. They went on talking to Job in a way that would wear out any other man's patience. Sometimes you will hear of persons giving advice to people in trouble, and being spoken of as "Job's comforters."

They had a long, long talk together, although I need not tell you any more about it. It was a talk about how human beings have to suffer; what trials they have to undergo. Job would have been happier a good deal if these comforters had staid away, because they gave advice rather than sympathy and love.

But the main point had been settled, and the Great Ruler was more than pleased. One man had shown that he could be as strong and brave and true under adversity, as he had been under prosperity.

And so, ere long, the trials of Job were removed. Of course he could not have his children back again; but wealth was restored to him in abundance, much more than he ever had before. *Now,* he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen and a thousand she asses. Then, too, he had other sons and daughters. All his sickness was taken away from him, so that in so far as it was possible for a man under those circumstances to be happy again, Job was happy once more; and as we are told, in all the land there were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job. After this Job lived a long while, and at last died, being old and full of days. And I think what will always come to our minds when speaking of this man, will be the words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

To THE TEACHER: The story of Job is well worthy of careful study. While in the complete form it is subtle and full of "problems," yet the story can stand by itself with its sublime lesson of obedience. Some reference might be made to the earlier kind of "test" mentioned in these lessons. Ask the children who it was that was put to such a test, and have a little review of what Abraham had to go through, and what a spirit of obedience and gentle submission he displayed. The details of the experiences of Job should be talked over because of their classic significance. Even the language and speeches in the various parts have become historical as woven into the everyday talk of average men and women.

Memory verses:

Naked was I born and naked shall I die; the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE A. L. A. AT MAGNOLIA.—Your compiler of foreign notes is off on a vacation, or rather a professional trip, and sees no means of filling her usual corner in UNITY save with some jottings concerning immediate events and surroundings. After weighing the pros and cons of various routes, the Wabash offer of a round trip ticket to Boston for $19 and a tourist sleeper, carried the day, and, at the risk of being lost in a crowd of Christian Scientists, the sole woman representative of the John Crerar Library abandoned her library associates and started alone for the library conference at Boston and Magnolia. The event proved the truth of the old adage that it is the unexpected which happens, for subsequent comparison of notes showed that the travelers over the first-class roads suffered many hours delay, to say nothing of the pangs of hunger due to the vicissitudes of the dining car, crowded sleepers, etc., while your correspondent had a cool, comfortable trip on a train run through ahead of schedule time and arrived at her destination in Boston some hours before she was expected.

Friday evening was given to quiet rest with friends in Cambridge, but Saturday morning, before 9, on alighting from a car in Copley square, librarians were to be seen scattered about waiting for the opening of the public library. Very promptly, when the doors swung open, the lecture room assigned for the opening session of the American Library Association's twenty-fourth annual conference was filled by the incoming members, and it became evident that the expectation that this would be a record breaking gathering was in no danger of disappointment. Handshakes and greetings were cut short by the sharp call to order of the chairman of the local committee, J. L. Whitney, librarian of the Boston public library, who called upon our own Dr. De Normandie, president of the board of trustees, for the formal address of welcome. Mr. Charles W. Jencks, as a survivor of the earliest known library conference, that of 1853, spoke briefly of that memorable gathering. At this first meeting of librarians a committee was appointed to arrange for permanent organization, yet, owing to force of circumstances no effective steps were taken, and it was not till twenty-three years later under the inspiration of our country's centennial, that the American Library Association was born.

After the necessary announcements by the secretary the company dispersed about the building to study the Abbey frescoes, the intricacies of the delivery system, investigate the bindery and the printing office, with its two linotype machines run by women, and renew many an old acquaintance.

Many members spent Saturday afternoon at "Fair Harvard," penetrating to the innermost precincts of Gore Hall (the college library), visiting the Memorial Hall, the various museums, the Cambridge public library, the Longfellow home and the Phillips Brooks house. In the restful parlors of the latter a reception committee of ladies, including the wife of President Eliot, received the weary but enthusiastic sightseers and sent them away refreshed with a cup of tea or an ice.

Sunday each spent as the spirit moved. Your correspondent heard Mr. Fenn in the morning at the old First Parish Church in Cambridge, while in the afternoon she betook herself to the growingly popular and well known Quincy Mansion School at Wollaston, with whose principal, Dr. Horace Mann Willard, she can claim close relationship. Commencement was just over the week before, and Mr. and Mrs. Willard were almost regretting that urgent calls in other directions would drag them away from the unwonted quiet of their home just as its countless roses were coming into bloom.

Monday, for those whose desire for quiet and rest had not overcome their sight-seeing proclivities, a trolley ride had been arranged in the morning and a harbor trip in the afternoon, both of which passed off successfully. The "seeing Boston" trolley trip is one of the new attractions offered daily in that city, which we commend to future visitors who desire to get some idea of Boston's historic spots and famous buildings in the shortest possible time, though it must be confessed that when one starts out on these observation cars, each with its facetious guide delivering a perambulating lecture through a megaphone, one is inclined to wonder that the scheme should have been developed in classic Boston, rather than hustling Chicago. In a two hours' ride one passes not only all the prominent historic sights in Boston proper, but also the principal points of interest in Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge and Brookline. In Charlestown, particularly, on the day of our circuit, the lesson in history was effectively reinforced by the elaborate decorations on both public and private buildings in preparation for Bunker Hill day (June 17).

At the close of the harbor sail, the train was taken for our real meeting place, Magnolia, whither many had preceded us. The three principal hotels are overflowing with men and women wearing A. L. A. buttons and pins, and still they come. The attendance at this conference has left all earlier records out of sight, and it is difficult to find any assembly room large enough to accommodate us except in sections. We have heard of some ladies in the vicinity who thought to offer some social attentions during our visit. When they learned there were 900 of us, more or less, they withdrew the invitation in dismay. Not so Miss Katherine P. Loring, who so long administered the Anna E. Ticknor library and conducted the home study work by correspondence, known to so many in different parts of our land. Since Monday, when the afternoon closed with a drenching shower, the weather has been ideal, and on Tuesday afternoon, after faithful attendance at the serious morning session of the conference, a goodly number availed themselves of the free afternoon to accept the invitation of Miss Loring and her sister and drive to Pride's Crossing for an hour in their beautiful home by the sea. The number was not overwhelming, for many preferred outings in other directions, but those who went will not soon forget the many charms of earth, sea and sky in that favored spot, the wood-thrush's note, and the simple, graceful hospitality that placed it all at our disposal.

Time fails to speak of the various meetings, though much earnest, solid work is being done. I cannot close these rambling notes, however, without a reference to the gratifying announcement contained in President John S. Billings' strong and admirable address on Tuesday evening. This was nothing less than the receipt of a check for $100,000 from Andrew Carnegie for the work of the association's publishing board. This is particularly welcome because librarians have long felt that there are other ways of helping the cause we all have at heart, quite as important as the constant donation of library buildings. This gift to the A. L. A. publishing board will enable some of the much-needed work to be done.

M. E. H.

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The undersigned would respectfully call upon the President and the Congress of the United States, the churches, our fellow-ministers and all citizens, promptly and emphatically to condemn the recent cruelties reported to have been committed by certain soldiers and officers of the army in the Philippines, such as the "Water-cure", "Rope-cure" and other tortures, and the admitted "kill-all-over-ten-years-of-age" order. These barbarities are uncalled for by modern warfare, unsanctioned by the laws and precedents of the United States government, unworthy of our traditions, and in flagrant contradiction of our avowed purposes. We deplore and condemn all attempts to palliate or excuse these cruelties on the ground of special provocation or military exigencies, and in order that the good name of our army, the standing of our country among the nations of the world, and above all, that the cause of humanity may be vindicated, we ask for a thorough investigation of these charges, and a prompt punishment of any person responsible for such outrages as may be proved; and we welcome gratefully the decided action which the President already has taken.

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- Familiar Trees and their Leaves, F. Schuyler Mathews.

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- How to Know Ferns, - } Starr Dana.

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For further particulars address,

MISS EVELYN H. WALKER, 3939 Langley Ave.

REFERENCES: Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson, University of Chicago. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

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